

POETRY.

For the Liberator.
WHY A FATHER WAS IMPRISONED:
 'A father is imprisoned in Washington for harbor-
 ing his own child!'

TUNE—Oh no, I never mention her.
 Oh, must we ever mention it?
 Oh, might it be concealed?
 With boiling blood, and brain on fire,
 We hear the truth revealed:
 The father now must spurn his child,
 And say, 'My son, depart!
 I cannot feed or shelter you,
 Or press you to my heart!
 'You must stay, unwarmed, unfed;
 Nor must it ever be known,
 That you, my child, sought shelter here,
 In your paternal home.
 The father's heart was not of stone;
 He could not turn aside,
 But bade come in his much loved boy,
 And placed him by his side—
 And warmed and fed the wandering one—
 Would you not do the same,
 Ye fathers?—if ye can say nay,
 Then man is not your name!
 A jail for this, the father's doom!
 Is this a land of slaves?
 The Christian name henceforth blot out,
 And write, 'A land of knaves!'
 His Maker's voice has sent him forth
 As lord of land and sea;
 His soul was made to walk the skies—
 The child of Deity!
 Wo to the nation that shall dare
 To stifle in its breast
 The voice of conscience in the soul,
 Which pleads for the oppressed!
 We call on all with souls not dead,
 To join this moral fight;
 Consider well your mission here,
 And vindicate the right.
 This you can do—will you be dumb
 When deeds like these abound?
 Your victims now for mercy call—
 Will you be recreant found?

PASS HIM ON.

A LAY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Pass him on! Pass him on!
 Another soul from slavery won;
 Another man erect to stand,
 Fearless of the scourge and brand;
 Another face now lifted up—
 Lips that drink not sorrow's cup,
 Eyes no longer dimmed with tears,
 Breast no longer filled with fear;
 Limbs that have no galling chain
 Their free motions to restrain;
 Back no longer bowed and scored,
 But with bright new restored;
 He that late the burden bore,
 Felt the lash and pangs untold,
 To be chattelized no more,
 Bartered, given, bought or sold—
 Pass him on!
 Pass him on! Pass him on!
 Every man who hath a son,
 Every woman who hath borne
 Child, and hath a heart to mourn
 O'er the woes by others felt;
 Every maiden who hath kept
 Down in prayer for brother dear,
 Or a loved one yet more near;
 Every youth who hath a friend,
 With his thoughts and hopes to blend,
 And desirous to be
 Both in speech and action free;
 Every one who hates the wrong,
 And would vindicate the right,
 Help the weak against the strong,
 Aid this brother in his flight—
 Pass him on!
 Pass him on! Pass him on!
 Ye whose sires the sword have drawn,
 And with blood your freedom won;
 Ye by whom the truth is taught,
 That the God who dwells on high
 Sees one human form
 In the race of mankind,
 And would all together bind
 In one unity of love,
 Blisful as the life above;
 Ye who speak and wield the pen,
 Eloquent for rights of men,
 And would proudly spurn the thought
 That if you had less fair,
 You might then be sold and bought,
 And the galling fetters wear—
 Pass him on!
 Pass him on! Pass him on!
 Though his face be legion,
 Though the bloodhounds on his track
 Yelling, strive to bring him back;
 Though man-hunters from the South
 Threat with the pistol's mouth,
 And the federative law
 Would your spirits overawe;
 Heed them not!—imprisonment!
 Take it, and be well content:
 Heed them not! endure the fine,
 Grow, through sacrifice, divine;
 Do as you'd be done unto,
 Careless of the consequence;
 Keep the higher law in view;
 Heed not ruffian violence—
 Pass him on!
 Pass him on! Pass him on!
 Let him lie your couch upon;
 Give him raiment, give him food,
 Give him kindly words and good;
 Watch and guard his hours of rest,
 Hide him from the searcher's quest,
 Through the city warden's sleep,
 O'er the broad road and deep;
 By the farmstead, through the vale
 Lighted by the moonbeams pale;
 O'er the prairie wild and wide,
 Where the red men still abide,
 Hunters there, but not of slaves;
 Far more merciful than they;
 Storms and tempests, winds and waves,
 Nought the fugitive must stay—
 Pass him on!
 Pass him on! Pass him on!
 Crime hath he committed none;
 Would you have him grovelling lie
 In the bonds of slavery?
 Nobler far to rend in twain,
 And throw off the yoke and chain;
 Nobler far through darkness grim,
 Dangers thick besetting him,
 Freedom thus to seek in flight,
 'Scaping from the gloom of night
 Unto Freedom's glorious morn;
 From the darkness to the dawn
 Leaping he o'er chasms wide;
 Help him all who help him can,
 God the North star for his guide
 Giveth; every fellow-man—
 Pass him on!

Rochester, England. H. G. ADAMS.
 [If Massachusetts is about to say, in the form of
 law, 'LET THE FUGITIVE REMAIN,' instead of 'PASS
 HIM ON!' She must make her soil at least as free
 as that of Canada.]—Ed. Lib.

The Liberator.

MR. GARRISON AT MILFORD.

In accordance with previous notice, Mr. Garrison gave the people of Milford two discourses at the Brick Church, and a lecture at the Town Hall, on Sunday last, March 13th. The forenoon discourse was on the theme of Peace, and gave us a foretaste of the joy and blessedness which would follow the teachings of Christ on the Mount. It embodied also a concise and powerful argument for the doctrine of peace and good-will to man. The afternoon service was a consideration of the worthless nature of a Christian profession as a test of true discipleship. The practicality of this subject was set home to the heart of the hearer, and a thorough house gave evidence that words so fully spoken were not to be lost.

But the crowning gathering was in the evening. Here the masses flocked. Our spacious hall was not sufficient to receive all, and many had to leave. After an appropriate hymn, sung with excellent effect, a brief introduction by G. W. Stacy, and pertinent selections from the Bible, read by Mr. G., the lecture on 'Garrisonian Infidelity' commenced, and continued for the space of two hours. Although the position of many was most uncomfortable, being unable to find seats, nevertheless, a patient and attentive hearing was given.

A part of this lecture was a reply to Rev. Mr. George, a Methodist minister, of Natick. This man has suddenly popped up to revive the old warfare through which the Abolitionists passed, in 'days of auld lang syne.' He may make a lion—and win, when his ability exceeds his meanness. He does his work in his own way, in the 'coward's castle.' How true it is that 'instinct is a great matter'!

The Rev. gentleman's vituperation and abuse were criticised in a strong and forcible manner, and those who heard both sides could not fail to see the unfairness and malignity of this clerical traducer. The platform was made perfectly free—a privilege we never have in Milford among the self-styled evangelical sects and pseudo-liberals. Good seed has been sown on our soil, and we feel to rejoice that our labor is not in vain; and the result, we are quite sure, will be an abundant harvest.

The game, so far as this Rev. opponent is concerned, will hardly pay the shot, but a door is thus opened to save others from priestly cant and wicked hollowness. We are happy to add, that Mr. Garrison is to visit Milford again in a few weeks, to lecture on the subject of the 'Plenary Inspiration of the Bible.' So we go. Give us agitation, a free platform, and the truth will have 'free course and be glorified.'

'Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies amid her worshippers.'
 Milford, (Mass.) March 14, 1859.

MISS HOLLEY AT PORTSMOUTH.

PORTSMOUTH, March 14, 1859.
 Many of our usually conservative community have been somewhat aroused by the earnest labors of Miss Holley, in this city, the last two weeks. Her first lecture in the Temple, on the 6th inst., was received by an attentive audience, and a very favorable impression was made on the hearers. Her labors did not end with the lecture, but daily, from house to house, through the past week, she has broken the bread of Anti-Slavery to many willing souls. At one house, being coolly received and almost repulsed, she did not falter, but afterwards said to a friend, in the kindness of her large heart—'O, she may yet be brought to see the truth; she has large benevolence and a kind soul, but is deceived by the false position in which the subject has always been presented before her. She too will yet come in, and be added to the household of faith.'

Rev. Thomas Holmes very cordially invited Miss Holley to occupy his pulpit on last Sunday afternoon, which she readily accepted, and spoke, from the 12th chapter of Matthew, to one of the largest audiences that have been gathered here for a long time on a religious occasion; and, as she spoke the words of life, many a countenance bore witness to the truth, as it came from the heart, and reached the heart. The service was continued much longer than is usually allowed for Sunday worship; but most of the audience felt as if the time was well spent, and, like the inquirers when Paul preached at Athens, said, 'We will hear thee again on this matter.'

For the Christian liberality of brother Holmes and Society, the friends of the slave in this place desire that the blessings of those that are ready to perish may rest upon him and them. It was truly a refreshing time—may we not say, a reformation time? It was as when the multitude were fed with the blessed loaves; but, as of old, as soon as the hard sayings of Jesus are heard, demanding sacrifice, how many go away, and follow no more after him! But we will be thankful for what we have heard. The camp of Israel does move forward, and we need more such laborers as Miss H. in the Anti-Slavery vineyard.

The labors of Miss Putnam have done much good, in her visits from house to house, day after day, leaving line upon line, precept upon precept, with that gentle and persevering labor peculiar to herself. It is like the bread cast upon the waters, and the promises yet remain good to those who sow in tears; they shall return rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.

The loss of the staying hands of our departed friend James Nowell is keenly felt in our small ranks, but the influence of his life remains with us as a blessed legacy, which will be felt ages to come. May we not say it, will never die! His house and heart were always open to the fugitive, who, as he fled to Freedom's land, did not pass by, but went through his door with renewed strength and courage. But he has gone to that rest which remaineth. To all such it is said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

A FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

LETTER FROM J. A. HOWLAND.
 FRIEND MAY:
 I can heartily sympathize with Mr. Foss in his tribulation with Western mud. Perhaps Illinois mud exceeds that of Ohio in intensity of slimy nastiness; but I have found that of Ohio to exceed any thing of the kind that I ever before experienced. And then, to have it all winter, when we should have snow, as we hear you have at the East, is almost unendurable.

Yet, in spite of rain and mud, which have continued almost without interruption hitherto, I have had a very favorable campaign, so far as finding abundance of people ready and willing to hear; and I have held, both alone and in conjunction with B. S. Jones, who was with me most of the time for ten weeks, all the meetings that I had time or strength for. Sometimes we found indifference and apathy, and at a few places, violent opposition and mobocratic violence on the part of a few fellows of the baser sort, that seemed to endanger the continuance of the meeting assembled, and occasionally, when stones and clubs were thrown, our own personal safety. Yet none of our meetings have been broken up, and though hit with their dangerous missiles, we have hitherto escaped unhurt. But, for the most part, we have had interested and attentive audiences, and in many places there has been quite an interest to hear and know what strange things these men set forth. In Decaturville, Harrison county, we held four meetings, each of us speaking from one to two hours at each meeting, and still the packed audiences sat intently listening to the interminable and prolonged addresses, occasionally interrupting with questions or objections urged for the most part in a candid spirit; and it cannot but be

productive of much good.

In Harrisonville, Harrison county, six meetings were held. At four of them, friend Jones was with me, and two I held alone. The house was crowded on each evening, and the audience was quiet and attentive to the close of the protracted sessions. Some slight opposition was manifested at the outset, one old Quaker affirming that we ought to be egged out of town; and a Methodist class-leader, who disturbed one or two of the meetings with his passionate and ignorant denial of our propositions, told us in meeting that we deserved to be egged; and yet he had, that very evening, read us an essay from a Quaker paper upon the necessity and duty of peaceful and Christian applications to the evil of slavery. To the principles of the essay we assented, but could not accept either the Quaker's or the Methodist's practical application of eggs as a proper explication thereof. But the mass of the people desired to hear, and maintained a quiet respect for themselves and for us, and the manner of treating the subjects in hand.

Though we do not know of making any individual converts, yet we feel that the public mind is impressed with our principles; and though not prepared to accept them very much in individual and isolated cases, yet there is going on a gradual and general indigestion of our principles, that will prepare the masses for correct action when some crisis or convulsion occurs, or some initiative step is taken that leads in the right direction. We find, wherever we go, that the people are discussing the disunion question upon the notice of, during the course of, and long after our meetings, in stores, public places, and in private. In many places, it has formed a prominent topic of discussion in the village and school-district lycæums, without reference to our meetings. At one place, the lycæum were discussing the proposition 'that the government of the United States is the blackest despotism that exists on earth,' and, strange to say, only one person was willing, in a full meeting, to take the negative, and he only for the purpose of sustaining the argument, against his convictions.

The anti-kidnaping petition we have circulated extensively, and with good success. Many names are readily obtained, and more would be, were it not for political influences. The universal feeling of the people is with it, but they fear the charge of political inconsistency. We find that the more prominently and actively men are devoted to Republicanism, the more unwilling are they to sign the petition. They acknowledge its righteousness, but dare not commit themselves to the act.

But this movement meets a hearty response in the great heart of the people, and will be crystallized into statutes in most if not all the free States, before many years pass over us. Indeed, I almost hope, from the appearances as I read them, that Massachusetts will make kidnapping illegal in the old Bay State, at the present session of its Legislature.

While travelling with Mr. Jones, we had between us a small horse and saddle, with saddle-bags, and valise behind and carpet-bag before the rider, carried one of us, with tracts and baggage, while the other walked, at which we took turns; and so we were quite independent of such things as railroads and stages, which are very convenient when they run in the right direction at the right time; but as they failed to accommodate us in this particular, we deserted them, and took to our saddle and feet, and so were independent of all the ordinary vehicular expedients.

Horseback riding is a very common and convenient mode of travel here, where the roads are almost impassable at this season, and I have become quite a proficient equestrian. I used, when a boy, to ride the horses to water, without saddle or bridle, and also ride the horse to plough, but never, probably, rode ten miles in a saddle till I came to Ohio. But here, I have ridden more than two hundred miles on horseback the past winter, and walked as much more; mostly in short stages, however, and have had much curiosity as well as trying experience, through such mud as I can do no manner of justice to by attempted description. But my proficiency in horsemanship is not at all of the ornamental kind, but of the practical and useful sort; and I should not, without more experience, feel like entering as a contestant for the equestrian prize at any of our Massachusetts Agricultural Fairs.

Spring seems to have arrived in good earnest. Farmers have been ploughing since the middle of February, and gardeners are preparing their hot as well as open beds, and sowing early seeds and transplanting trees. The ground has not been frozen for more than three weeks, and the robin, bluebird, and other spring birds, are calling merrily in joyous testimony of the return of spring. Indeed, it has hardly been winter at all here (opposite Wheeling, Va.) The thermometer has not once reached zero! Not much like your 25 and 30 days, below zero. J. A. H. Wrightstown, Belmont Co., O., March 7, 1859.

LETTER FROM ANDREW T. FOSS.

FREMONT, (Steuken Co., Ill.)
 March 7, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND MAY:
 My last communication left me in Joe Davis's Co., where all my meetings were successful; the two last (not reported in a former communication) quite as much so as any of the former ones.

From there I came on to Clinton, (Iowa,) at which place I had been invited to come by C. B. Campbell—of whom I have spoken in a former communication. He had removed from Unionville, Ill., and his excellent wife showed me every kindness, and aided me much in getting a hearing before the people.

My first meetings were held in Fulton, on the Illinois side of the river. This is a poor rundown, proud, bigoted place, with a very really excellent people in it. I am sure not enough to save it from pecuniary destruction, and I fear that all hope of moral salvation is groundless.

My first meeting was on Sunday, at 3 o'clock, P. M. We chose this hour because it was not occupied by the various sects. When 3 o'clock came, we found three or four persons in the house. At half-past 3, about six had arrived. At 4, there were about thirty persons present. I now commenced speaking, and the sound of my voice brought in a few more who were passing by. At the close of my remarks, a member of the M. E. Church arose, and very kindly offered me the use of the Methodist church, and said he would do what he could to get me a good hearing. I, of course, gratefully accepted the offer. The meeting was appointed for Tuesday evening.

Well, on Tuesday evening, friend Campbell and myself crossed over to the meeting. The house was well lighted and warm, and well filled with people. I spoke upon Disunion as the Christian and only method of removing slavery from the land. When I had closed, a man arose, and said he was a Massachusetts man, and arose there to vindicate Massachusetts from the vile aspersions that had been cast upon her that evening. He said, the statement that colored schools in Massachusetts had been abolished was false. Also that there was no prejudice against colored persons in Boston—that a white man would not dare walk in the streets of Boston with a colored woman, or a man of color with a white lady—that I had libelled Massachusetts, &c. A lady immediately arose, and said she was from Massachusetts also, and knew that every word I had said was true. She spoke for some minutes with great earnestness, and was heartily responded to by the audience.

I stated that I had not said there was no prejudice against color in Boston. I was mortified and pained to say, that there was in the churches, and in Boston society generally, a very wicked prejudice against our colored brethren. Still, all I had stated in regard to

the schools of Massachusetts was true; but it was true, too, that this prejudice was fast melting away before the increasing intelligence and moral cultivation of the people—that so far as it regarded walking in the streets of Boston with colored ladies, I had done that same thing frequently, and expected to do so again—that I had witnessed that same thing so often, that I should not expect to see any special notice, except with a few low people, who have not yet migrated to the West, and of whom it might be said that what Massachusetts gained in their departure, Illinois lost in their arrival. So far as it could judge, the effect of the meeting was good. Dr. Benton and his excellent lady gave me the hospitalities of their home for the night.

My next meeting, on the following evening, was in Lyons, exactly opposite to Fulton. There is a little more life in this city. I had, two years ago, in company with Mrs. Colman, spoken in this city. We at that time obtained a good hearing by the kindness of a Universalist minister, who gave up his regular appointment to us. His stated congregation, with what he brought in, made us a large congregation. But now the good man was gone, and I had nothing but the prestige of our good course on which to rely. Besides, the evening was quite stormy; the result of all which was, the meeting was small. I thought to mention, too, that great efforts were making to revive the waning life of a man-hating religion. The devotees had neither time nor heart to think of the poor slave, or to attempt at all his deliverance.

My next point was at De Witt, in Clinton county. Friend Campbell had written to Judge Graham, who had returned an answer, saying, come on!

I found, on my arrival, my bills posted, and every arrangement for the meeting perfectly made. I have held three meetings, very largely attended. Judge Graham and many others gave me the heartiest God speed. The democratic effort was out of the place; consequently, we had no opposition, except a single yelp, from a very small democratic whiff. I have heard that the editor has taken ample vengeance, in his paper, since his return. It is in my heart to say a good word for De Witt. If I should ever return to the West, there are few places I should visit with more pleasure.

My next meetings were in Clinton. I held one in the Baptist meeting-house. It was not a large meeting for numbers, but it was a good one, for the audience seemed intelligent and appreciative. I offered to speak the next evening, and enquired if the house could be had for that purpose. No answer was given. A gentleman, whose name has escaped me, said he had a hall which he would warm and light free of expense. I, of course, gratefully accepted the generous offer.

The meeting in the hall, which was very commodious and well lighted and warmed, was not much larger than the first, but still the intelligence and apparent sympathy of the audience gave me much satisfaction and hope of good. On Sunday, I spoke once more in the same hall to about the same congregation. Here ended my labors in Iowa. For their success, all credit is due to the ardent zeal, and intelligent and continued labors of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. I hope yet to see them more publicly devoting themselves to the Anti-Slavery work, for which I am sure they are eminently qualified.

My next point was in Elmwood, in Peoria county, Illinois. Here reside our good friends, E. R. Brown and wife, formerly of Chester, Mass. Here I found, on a visit, Hiram Brown, our old ally and faithful friend, the venerable Deacon, of Cummington, Mass. Also, Wm. Davies and wife, and a Mr. Jenkins and wife, from Massachusetts. These, all by labor and by song, and cash too, gave me efficient support. The meetings here were well attended, considering the terrible mud. Oh dear! I lost my own shoes, and came near losing myself. 'Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep mud!' Some how, these Illinoisians know how to get through the mud. We of the far East could beat them in plunging through the drifts of snow. The Arab could beat us all in wading through his sand. There is a great deal in one's education. I will not speak especially of these meetings, as friend Brown visited to report them.

My next visit was at Waukegan, Illinois. Here I held one very successful meeting; it was on Sunday; the mud was bad, and the storm raged all day, yet we had a good audience, and I obtained seven subscribers for the Liberator.

I was quite unwell with hoarseness and sore throat. But with the friends' kindness and care, I was almost immediately better, and in a few days well. I spent a few days in Chicago with our excellent friends, J. W. and Elizabeth Loomis. I had expected to speak there, in the hall of the Spiritualists, on Sunday; but learning from friend Loomis, before I came to Chicago, that the persons who had invited me to speak had come to the conclusion that the people needed spiritual food, I sent them the appointment to Waukegan. I am to speak in Anglin, Ind., on Sunday next, 6th inst. I shall be working my way on through Michigan and Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, home.

Yours truly, A. T. FOSS.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., General Agent.

A PROTRACTED SLAVE CASE.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH 13, 1859.

Last week, I was in the Circuit Court with the closing arguments were made in the case of Charlotte v. Chouteau. Charlotte sues for her freedom. This case has been sixteen years in court. Charlotte beat him at first, but the case went to the Supreme Court, which reversed and remanded the cause, because the Court decided that the law of Canada on the slave question was matter for the consideration of the Court, and not for the jury. On the second trial, Charlotte beat him, and the Supreme Court reversed the decision, because the Circuit Court decided that the law of Canada on the slave question was matter for the consideration of the jury, and not for the Court, and the case was remanded for a new trial. She beat him again, and the case was reversed and remanded, because the law of Canada on the slave question was matter for the consideration of the Court, and not for the jury. It will go up to the Supreme Court again.

Chouteau is worth one or two millions; is seventy years old, has only one child, a daughter by a slave, whom he has educated. He has a lawyer who fully sympathizes with him, and whose eyes sparkled with indignation as he commented upon the testimony of Chief Justice Reed of Canada, who testified to the wicked character of slavery, as he considered it.

DR. CHEEVER IN PHILADELPHIA.

(Correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.)

PHILADELPHIA, March 15.
 Dr. Cheever's lecture, on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., was attended by a large audience, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. It was the most thorough exposition of anti-slavery truth, in his bearing upon the Church and clergy, that I have ever heard. Dr. Cheever is one of the few of his order who is susceptible of a high degree of indignation against a popular iniquity. The heinousness of our national sin has impressed itself deeply upon his sensibilities; filling him with a righteous wrath, and causing him to speak as with a tongue of fire.

His discourse on this occasion was the same, substantially, as that delivered a few weeks ago in Albany. Its chief topics were: The Fugitive Slave Law; the Dred Scott decision; the Church; the American Tract Society; and the American Board of Missions. The last three he touched upon incidentally; the others constituted the burden of his address. It was Dr. Cheever's first appearance in Philadelphia. His audience was made up chiefly of Reform-

ed Presbyterians (Covenanters) and Garrisonian Abolitionists; and it is a compliment due to the speaker to say that his lecture was listened to with the highest gratification. Dr. Cheever is not an orator, as that word is usually understood. In the grandeur of diction, a fastidious ear might find somewhat lacking; but in power he has few equals. Any one that has ever heard Beriah Green, in his best days, would be reminded of him in listening to Dr. Cheever. The same nervous, vigorous, fire-and-hammer style which characterized the one, distinguishes the other. In some respects, too, Dr. Cheever is not unlike Garrison. He has Garrison's earnestness, and a good deal of his calm dignity. He does not speak, perhaps, with the same apostolic, or Hebrew-prophet-like authority as does Garrison; but he is well acquainted with the Scriptures, and quotes, like him, from them with great force and aptness.

It was a matter of regret to some of us that Dr. Cheever's audience at Concert Hall did not include more of the class whom it particularly concerned. I doubt if there was a single representative there of the Tract Society, or Board of Missions, or Young Men's Christian Association; and of Dr. Cheever's quondam clerical friends and New School sympathizers, such as Dr. Barnes and the like, I did not see one.

Although the maintenance of slavery is not one of the sins spoken against in our fashionable synagogues, we have had a good deal of ministerial denunciation against it this winter in other places. The Covenanters have borne their uncompromising testimony against it in their usual way: Dr. Furness has not let a Sunday pass without, in some way or other, washing his hands of it; and the Quakers, at least of the Hicksite branch, have been more than commonly outspoken against the enormity. Richard Barker Moore, one of the most popular and eloquent of this division of the Society, has made it the subject of frequent appeals to large and miscellaneous audiences, and her fidelity and plainness of speech have elicited many marks of approval. Of Lucretia Mott it is not necessary that I should say more. Her labors, in season and out of season, are known to every one. She never tires. In the gallery, on the platform; in meetings for worship; in meetings for business; at preparative meetings, Quarterly meetings, Yearly meetings; at marriages, at funerals, at social parties, at the bedside, by the wayside; everywhere and always she bears about her the wrongs of the slave, and never fails to raise her voice against the sin of his oppressors. And that her labors are not in vain, we have the most encouraging testimony. People who used to resist and speak evil of her, are now amongst the most pleased of her auditors.

Without abating one jot the severity of her rebukes, or the radicalness of her doctrine, she enjoys a popularity at this time which she had never before reached. Abroad, as well as at home, she is listened to with a fervor which bespeaks, at the same time, her own fidelity and the progress of the cause. Your Washington correspondent has given us an account of many rankling disorders, and all is well on the other sources we have corroborated his testimony. Mrs. Mott had not visited Washington for sixteen years. When she was there then, her presence, except to a few, was most unwelcome. Now all was changed. She was cordially received by many of the first and best people, and was respectfully treated by all classes. Her meetings were attended by Southern members of Congress and other slaveholders, and what she said was listened to with all becoming deference. Senator Chesnut (of South Carolina) was observed to enter the house just as she was commencing upon the topic of the slave trade. Swarthmore College was there, the Ex-Governor Smith of Virginia. The latter remarked that he liked her spirit, but that she did not understand the 'nigger question.' He would like to see her, he said, and converse with her on the subject, but he took discreet care not to call. A Southern lady listened to one of the discourses with an interest so intense that she could not sit still nor keep quiet. Turning to another lady when it was over, she said, 'It makes my blood boil; but I can't gainsay a word she has said.' Senator Hale, speaking on the subject to a friend, as he passed through this city, observed that 'she made a splendid impression in Washington.'

DEATH OF ARNOLD BUFFUM.

Died, at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, N. J., at the house of his children, Marcus and Rebecca Spring, on Sunday, March 13th, ARNOLD BUFFUM, aged 77 years. Mr. Buffum was one of the 'Twelve' who organized the New England Anti-Slavery Society (January 1, 1832), of which he was the first President, and the first Lecturing Agent. He had then recently returned from a visit to England, where his zeal in the anti-slavery cause had been quickened by intercourse with Clarkson, Wilberforce, Macaulay and their associates. He lectured extensively in various parts of New England, and thus did much to aid the cause in its day of small things. He was one of the delegates from Massachusetts to the Convention that met in Philadelphia, December, 1833, to organize the American Anti-Slavery Society, and his name appears among the signers of the Declaration of Sentiments then and there adopted. During the entire struggle, he has never faltered in his testimony against slavery. For some years past, he and his venerable wife have resided at Eagleswood, where, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, his life ebbed peacefully and happily away. His last hours, we learn, were hours of Christian faith and Divine illumination. He gently yielded his breath, with the assurance that he was falling into his Heavenly Father's arms, and that a glorious future was before him. The funeral services took place on Wednesday, the Rev. Dr. Bellows of this city officiating. Mr. Spring, his son-in-law, in a note addressed to us, says: 'We shall miss his cheerful and loving spirit, but we shall be comforted by the thought that he has left us with his presence to the very last hour of his life, but also in our little Sunday morning meeting, which he has regularly and promptly attended, and wherein he has as regularly read appropriate selections from the Scriptures.'—Anti-Slavery Standard.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.

(Washington correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.)
 A slave case, of a somewhat singular character, has come to my knowledge within the past week. Some years since, a slaveholder in Virginia died, and freed his slaves. The Court decided the emancipation clause of the will void, and the legate proceeded to sell the manumitted people South. One woman among them was white, or so nearly white that she easily passed for a white woman. This woman and her large family of children were sold by the legate to a trader in negroes, who seems to have a soft spot in his heart. The sale was at the nominal price of \$1,000 for the entire family, with the verbal agreement that the friends of the free woman might purchase her, at that price, of the trader, and send her to a free State. The slave-woman's husband was a white man also—I call him her husband, for he ought to be, inasmuch as he is the father of her children. I have seen a letter from one of this woman's white relatives—a Virginia gentleman, I presume—calling upon the people of the free State to buy her, and as the case is a striking one, and the woman somewhat moderate, I think she will be redeemed from bondage. The negro-trader has agreed that the woman may go North to solicit money for this purpose. Several Congressmen have contributed liberally before leaving the city, and I hear that one colored man has agreed to pay a couple of hundred dollars out of his own purse to rescue the woman and her children. We see in this case, as in that of the illustrious Bob Butt, that the slaveholding aristocracy know a great deal better how to preach philanthropy than to practice it. They present this case as a most deserving one, and they affectionately advise anti-slavery people of Washington and the North to free the woman—but as for themselves they do not give the first dollar. This is Southern generosity that we hear so much about in the newspapers and story-books, I suppose.

The trial of Mr. Slicks is still put off, and I hear he is becoming impatient. It doubtless seems hard to a man in his position to lie in jail even for a few weeks, before trial; but let him remember the honours and glories which he has laid up in that prison before now, and Mr. Slicks may as well know what such men have suffered. Everybody here expects that Mr. Slicks will be acquitted, though there are those who say that he deserves the prospect of an acquittal, and profess to believe that he was the victim of a conspiracy. The Star of this city is upon the side of Key, and details a thorough examination of the character of prisoner. The President is much interested in the case and sympathizes with Mr. Slicks, (J.) who has been one of the most capable of his agents. He was

a man after Mr. Buchanan's own heart, for he was shrewd and unscrupulous. He knew how to manage the New York City politicians better than any man in the country, and he was at all times ready to do the dirty work of the President. Yet Mr. Slicks was not really the devoted friend of the Administration. Mr. Slicks has been on good terms with Douglas, and has given Mr. D. assurances of his political friendship and future support, yet the President has never for a moment doubted that Slicks was entirely ready to do the dirty work of the Administration, and together with his master, he has been cheated and managed him. If you must judge a man by his advisers and retainers—James Buchanan will not stand very high. His most intimate friends, his confidants, are such men as Dan Sickles—one of the low class of politicians, a party politician, a monger, murderer, and a man whose character is not to be estimated by a saint, but by a murderer in Kansas, and the majority of his intimate friends. What, then, may we expect from such a man and such an administration? D. S. T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effective alternative that can be had. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances as to give greater alternative power to the Sarsaparilla, and to afford a more certain and rapid cure than any other medicine. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous humors, and that it will accomplish what other remedies have failed to do. It has been proved by experiment that it will do what it claims to be found of the following complaints:—

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERYTHEMA AND ERMATIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, DYSPEPSIA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, DERMATITIS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, LAMENESS, RASH, ROSE, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurities of the Blood.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them, many rankling disorders are averted in the body. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, rescue themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will secure the channels of circulation, if not to do so through the natural channels of the body by an alternative medicine. Cleanse out the blood whenever you find its impurities lurking through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or ulcers; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even when no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood, and securing the purity of the system, is the basis of this healthful life. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overturned.